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# SKETCH OF PHEREBY ALBERTSON BUNDY

# WASHINGTON COUNTY, INDIANA

## By Zella May White, 1924

[Owned in the 1960s by the Washington County Historical Society, Salem, IN]

[Coped in the 1960s for the collection of the Allen County Public Library
under the direction of Fred J. Reynolds]

No 117
p7 V

This is a story of the life of an early pioneer of Wash. Co. coming to Ind. in the early 19th Century. One of the many Friends or Quakers who came to the N.W. territory from N. Carolina

Sketch of Phoeby Albertson Bundy — 1924.

by

Zella May White.

To write a sketch of the life of your own dear grandmother, and not to have an individual memory of her home, the art of her culinary skill, and the many things which were a part of the home life of our pioneer women is no little task to one of the younger of forty-seven grand children. I have missed that sweet memory of visits to my grandmother home.

During the early part of the nineteenth century when the Middle West was being rapidly settled, and our own Indiana was taking on Statehood, a great many families of Quakers from the Old North ~~State~~ crossed the Cumberland Mts., driving their teams and wagons through hills and dales, fording streams and perhaps meeting with many hardships, joined those who had already started the settlement and history of our county.

One of these families was John and Mary Albertson and their children, and the subject of our sketch was a Miss of twelve years.

north side. And this same log house is today the home of the present owner. The larger of these two fire-places being in the east room, which was grand-mothers kitchen and main living room.

The fireplace was equiped with the crane and pot hooks, so esencial for cooking in those days - The open space in the chimney side to serve as a warming oven to raise the dough for bread, or to keep things from freezing. She did all of her cooking by this fire place, and d have heard it said by many who have had the pleasure of her hospitality that she was a most epellent cook.

She had no electric switch to connect her waffle irons to - nevertheless she made just as delicious waffles as any house wife can today. Her irons being the two squares hinged together and having iron handles some three feet long. Pour in the batter, close and hold over a bed of hot coals on this spacious hearth. Baking the bread - gingerbread and pies in the reflector - and the delisious corn pones and corn dodgers ....

the large iron skillets with iron lids. Her pantry was always well stored with dried and preserved fruits and home made cheese and plenty of herbs always at hand.

When the shades of night came she would hang her grease lamp by the chimney side - while the family gathered about for the evening's past time. Grandmother usually with her sewing or knitting, as all wearing apparal in those days was home made, even to growing flax to make the linen, and the sheep herd for the woolens. The Karding of wool into rolls to be spun on the hand wheels - woven into woolen blankets and material for wearing apparal - all this was a part of the daily life of this pioneer family.

Grandfather was a thrifty farmer, and the grain was all harvested by hand, with the scythe, grain cradle and reap-hook, and threshing the grain out on the barn floor, thus the harvest time extended through several weeks, and with the extra help needed, made more cooking for grandmother to do, for in addition to the regular meals of the day, she sublisted

with a lunch in the afternoon, sometimes sending it by some of the younger children, but more often taking the basket, or pulling the little hand wagon herself to the harvest field, serve the lunch, wend her way back to the house, see after the chores and have another sustaining meal ready for the family at the close of the day.

She and Grandfather were very devout Quakers and were always quite active in their meetings, some member or members of the family always taking time to attend the mid week meeting, as well as on First day. Grandfather often went on horseback to attend Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Indiana, and Quarterly Meting at Honey Creek, on the Wabash, near Terre Haute. It was when he was away on one of these trips that she experienced a real thrill of pioneer life. It was in the fall of the year at fruit drying time, the ground partialy covered with leaves. Grandmother had her fruit Kilns going and went out to examine the fruit and to stir up the fire before she retired, the

rest of the family lost in dreamland.
As she was stoping over fixing the fire
she heard a noise near, like the tred
of a horse, and supposing it to be
Grandfather returning, straitened
up and said, "Abram Is that Tree"?
And no answer, the noise continued at intervals, and the second
call brought no answer, by this
time the ire of the faithful watch
dog was arroused, and she urged him
on, but he would go only so far and
return to her side. So she thought
best to return to the house, urging
and sicking - "Tige," her only attendant,
She crossed the threshold and closed
the door and a piercing scream by
some wild animal rent the air -
she supposing it to be a panther, and
the noise that sounded like the stepping of a horse, was the panther flapping
its tail in the leaves. Grandfather
returning the next day in safty.
Sometime later after the
purchase of a new carriage she often
accompanied Grandfather when

he went to attend these meetings, often taking other Friends and sometimes - one of the grandchildren with them!

Nine children were born unto this home, namely: John, William, Peninah, Elias, Mary, Abram, Elizabeth Jane, Martha Ellen, and Joshua Fulton. John, Elias and Abram dying while young. The rest living to maturity and rearing families - Mary who married Jesse White in 1849 being my mother. Elizabeth Jane who married Millon Reyman is the sole surviving member of this family, living at her home near Tekamah, Nebraska, now in her eighty sixth year.

On December 8th 1872 - Grandfather lay down his earthly toils for the home above, the just reward for his exemplary life. Grandmother with her daughter Peninah and her two children, James and Ella Brickey lived on at the home until 1875, when Peninah died.

Then the youngest daughter, Martha Heacock and her family, who had been

living in the cooper shop near by, which had been built by the late William Bundy, who had conducted a cooperage on the fathers homeplace, went to the old home to reside.

A few years later is when I have the first recollection of my Grandmother Bundy - not in the activities of her home life though. The first memory of her was during a spell of sickness, going into her bedroom and seeing her lying on the poster bed, the little table by the side, (which is still cherish in our home) and the hushed stillness is quite vivid in my mind today. She rallied from this sickness and was able to go among her friends and to attend ~~services at~~ the Highland Friends Church.

In the early part of the winter of 1880 she went for a visit to her son, William Bundy living near Hitchcock Station, (now Azonia) while there she was taken severely sick with pneumonia fever, but with medical aid and good nursing she partially recovered from the attack, and at her earnest request

was taken to the home of her daughter Mary White near Harristown, and during the six weeks of her stay all that loving hearts and hands could do was done, but mortality weakened and she fell asleep on the 5th of the 4th month 1881. Her remains were laid to rest in Old Blue River Friends cemetary.

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